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THE BYSTANDER
May 8, 1940.

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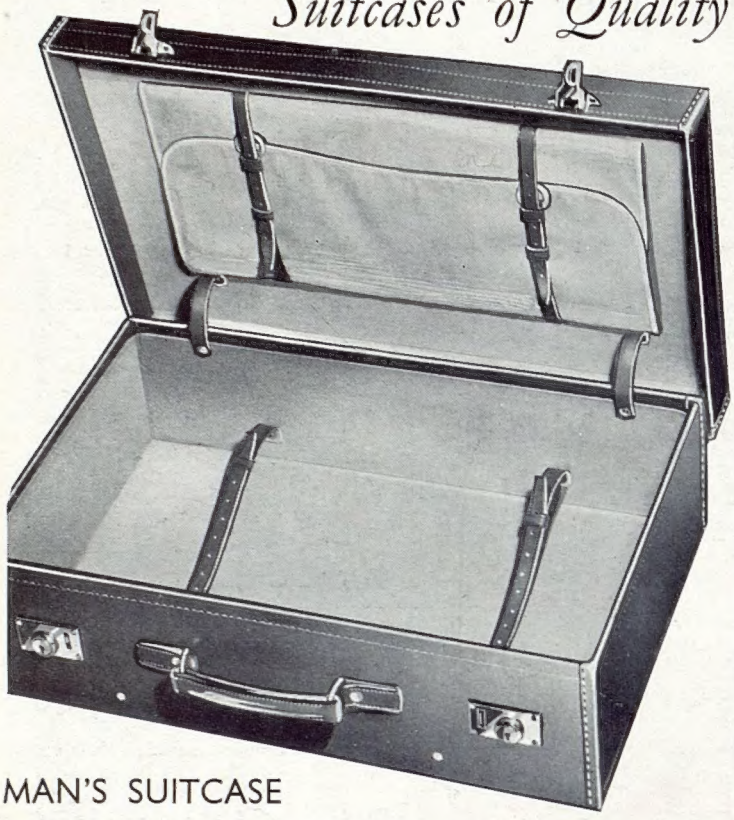

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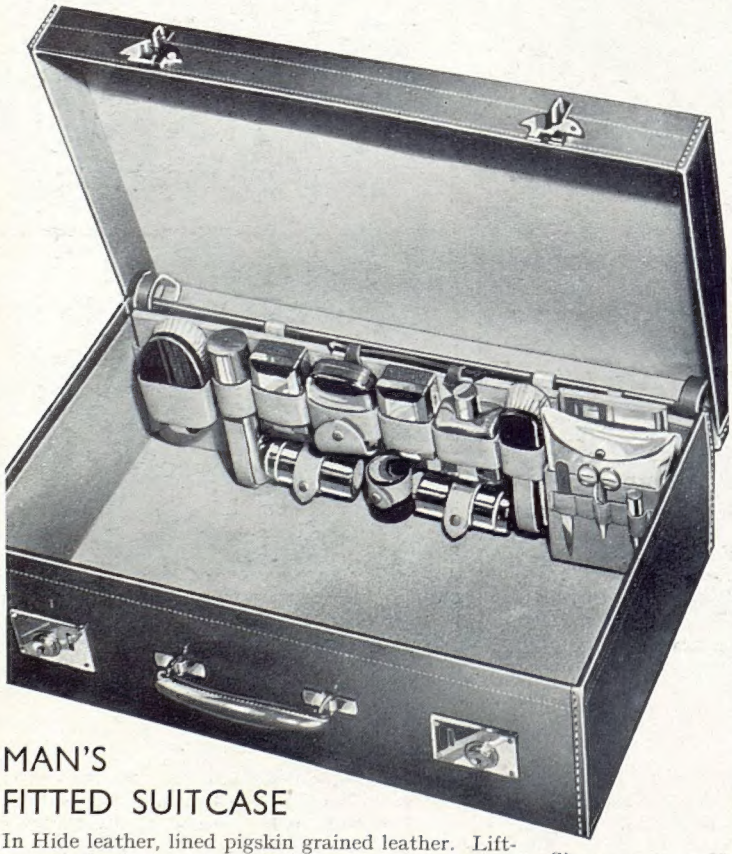

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The Bystander

Harlip

The Duchess of Kent and Her Sister

Princess Paul of Yugoslavia came to London a short time ago to visit her sister, thereby missing some anxious days in Belgrade as German pressure on the Balkans became more intense. Her husband (whom she married as Princess Olga of Greece in 1923) has been Prince Regent of Yugoslavia since 1934. On his forty-seventh birthday last week all Balkan and Danubian countries paid remarkable tributes to his courage and political wisdom and his contribution towards unity in his own country and the Middle East in general. The Duchess of Kent has been working very hard lately for the W.R.N.S., of which she was appointed Commandant in March, and for Red Cross and St. John activities—she is Dame Grand Cross of the Order of St. John. The Duke of Kent has just taken up a new appointment as Staff Officer in the R.A.F. Training Command, with special duties connected with welfare. For this he has left the Admiralty Intelligence Division, and has temporarily given up his rank of Air Vice-Marshal for that of Group Captain

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE news from Norway has been plentiful, of a sort, from Stockholm, and scanty from London, and so it has not been easy to make anything like an accurate estimate of the progress of events. One thing is certain, however. Our War Cabinet is so skilful and so experienced in conducting the war that they can still treat it as a part-time job. They settle the high strategies in the morning, and are free to trot off to their Departments in the afternoons. Of course, if the war ever became at all important, the War Cabinet might have to treat it as a whole-time job.

BUT seriously, this business of the part-time War Cabinet is becoming rather a menace. It takes a man, so I understand, all his time to run a business like Shell-Mex or Harrods or the little newspaper-shop at the end of my street, but it only takes our pundits half their time to conduct the biggest and the most dangerous war that this country has ever been engaged in. If they were winning it handsomely, they would have every justification for their casual methods. But are they winning it handsomely ?

THE whole of war is Time. Time is on the side of the man who knows how to use it. And if ever Time was of vital importance it is so in this war. The speed of aeroplanes, of tanks, or armoured cars, of the rate of fire of Bren-guns, all are so tremendous that campaigns may be won and lost in a few hours. We are faced by an enemy who has shown above all things that he fully grasps this vital principle. The over-running of Poland was not more impressive than the driving of motor-vehicles from Oslo up to Trondheim or the exact timing of the entry into Trondheim Fjord. And against all this we can only put a part-time committee.

THE Department of Economic Warfare continues its somewhat erratic course. At one moment it is doing no more than keeping its eye upon enemy imports which are being sent by aeroplane, and at another moment it is taking a firm line at Vladivostok. It brought off a characteristic coup in Yugoslavia the other day. At the big fair in Zagreb there were 180 exhibitors, of whom 120 were German. Our authorities had a smashing answer ready. They put an advertisement in the Board of Trade Journal in this country announcing that the Fair was being held, and they left it at that.

TALKING of economic warfare, by the way, I am reminded of the position in Mexico, and the rather disquieting stories that are in circulation. We have broken off diplomatic relations with Mexico because of the dispute between the Mexican Government and the big oil companies. Italy is now buying huge consignments of Mexican oil either for her own use or for re-export to Germany. People are beginning to ask whether we ought not to put our pride in our pocket and compete with Italy in the Mexican market. Or are we sacrificing, as Mr. Woodburn, M.P., has suggested, " the interests of the far greater war at the behest of the oil interests " ?

***Irish trade delegates** came to London last week in the persons of Mr. Sean Lemass, Minister of Supplies, and Dr. James Ryan, Minister of Agriculture. Between them here sits Mr. J. W. Dulanty, Eire's High Commissioner. The Ministers came over to discuss with their opposite numbers in the British Government the trade relations under war conditions of the two countries*

THE repercussions of Mr. Duff Cooper's Guildhall speech continue to roll about the place, and the " Be-kind-to-Germany " boys and girls are shrieking indignantly. According to them, we are at war only with the Nazi Party, and the rest of Germany bears no responsibility whatsoever for the horrors which have been let loose on the world in the last seven years. Personally I am in favour of offering a compromise. If we are allowed to exterminate the fourteen million people who voted for Hitler at the last free election, together with all their dependents, and together with all the people who were in favour of Hitler but were not of voting age, and together with all those who did not vote for Hitler but have since come round to his way of thinking, then the boys and girls can be kind to all the rest.

IN the meantime, certain newspapers have practically expunged the word " German " from their columns, presumably in deference to this " Let 's-kiss-and-make-friends " movement. In the *Star*, for example, last week, in one column on Norway, there were twenty references to the enemy. Three of the references used the word " German," and seventeen used the word " Nazi."

THE Ministry of Information continues to publish their snappy, up-to-date, red-hot news-sheet called *Noteworthy*. On the first page of its new number (after coining the most original simile, " falling like a ripe plum ") it opens up its news bulletin with some pithy statements about King Harald Haarfagre, who was King of Norway in 872 A.D., and Earl Haakon, who, I am sorry to say, " used cruelty as the method of government " in 970 A.D. Tut, tut, tut, naughty Earl Haakon.

COLONEL TWEED'S death at the age of fifty has removed a figure of great personal charm and intellectual originality. Tweed became an election agent for the Liberal Party when he was only twenty, but he instantly threw up his job in 1914 and joined the Army. He was four years in France, and at the age of twenty-six was commanding an infantry battalion. After the war he was General Secretary of the Manchester Liberal Federation, and later became personal adviser to Mr. Lloyd George. His novel, *Gabriel Over the White House*, had an enormous success in America. It appeared over here under the title of *Rinehard*. Tweed was the sort of man who can ill be spared in these days.

ONE of the most brutal figures which have emerged so far from the Nazi Party—and that is saying a good deal—is Doctor Frank, who has risen from atrocity to atrocity to the Governorship of Poland. Italian University circles have now conferred upon Dr. Frank a Doctorate of Law, in honour of his great achievements. A graceful compliment from Italy to Poland.

FOR some reason I have only just read Mr. Kressmann Taylor's short-story, *Address Unknown*, which was published

(Concluded on page 160)

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The Chilean Ambassador and Madame de Señoret

When Chile's present ambassador arrived in London a year ago, he found himself the tenant of a fine house in Hamilton Place. The drawing-rooms contain many lovely pieces of French furniture, and both H.E. and his wife are very fond of pictures, of which they have a large and valuable collection at the Embassy. Before he was appointed Chilean Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Señor Don Octavio de Señoret was a prominent lawyer and politician at home, becoming in 1918 a Member of both the House of Representatives and of the Senate, subsequently Governor of the State of Valparaiso. In 1933 he represented his Government at the Pan-American Conference of Montevideo, and was twice President of the Radicals, now Chile's most powerful party, which forms the basis of the present Government. In 1932 he married Carmen Vial Freire, of Santiago. Madame de Señoret comes of a famous political family, is the great-granddaughter of Chile's first President. Besides French and German, she speaks fluent English, and her love of golf, tennis and riding help her to enjoy life in England

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 158)

by Hamish Hamilton in February of last year for the sum of half-a-crown. It is one of the most moving and terrible short-stories I have ever read. De Maupassant never did anything better.

MR. MCGOVERN, M.P., asked in the House of Commons a few days ago why, considering that Eire is part of the British Empire, a German Legation still remains in Dublin. He got no answer. Technically, internationally, legally, and in any other way you like, it is probably correct for Eire to house a German Legation. But the British and French Empires are fighting for Right and Justice and International Decency, and it is nothing less than a monstrous outrage that this Legation should be allowed to exist. "He that is not with us is against us."

SIR JOHN HARRIS was a remarkable man. He devoted his life to the protection of natives in all parts of the world, and he spent seven years as a missionary in Central Africa in order to study the problem at first-hand. It used to be said in Fleet Street in the old days that there was no atrocity in any part of the world that John Harris hadn't got a photograph of and Henry Nevinson hadn't just returned from writing about.

A LINK with a thrilling episode in archæological history has gone in the death of Dorpfeld at the age of eighty-four. For Dorpfeld was one of the assistants of the celebrated Schliemann in the sensational digging at Troy and at Tiryns. Since the last war Dorpfeld had worked mainly on the island of Leukas, which he stoutly maintained against all comers to be Homer's Ithaca, and it was on Leukas that he died last week.

Lady Warrender, *president of the Polish Armed Forces Comforts Fund has given a mobile canteen for the Polish Troops in France. The Polish Ambassador, Count Edward Raczynski, inspected it before it went overseas. It is manned by three members of the F.A.N.Y. Corps, will sell goods to soldiers at low prices and provide free tea. Last Friday, May 3rd, was Poland's national holiday, which since 1791 has been dedicated to the spirit of freedom*

CATS at last are coming into their own—not that they care two straws what people think of them. But people are beginning to appreciate now the value of the cat in keeping down vermin. When the war started many thousands of cats were destroyed in the big cities. In Manchester alone more than 3000 cats were brought to veterinary clinics for elimination. The consequent increase of rats and mice has been enormous, especially in the neighbourhood of rivers and where there are warehouses filled with foodstuffs. It is now definitely contrary to public policy to destroy litters of kittens. Cats may be supercilious and standoffish, and often definitely rude in their manners, but at least they do their job.

THERE are two schools of thought on the question of answering Lord Haw-Haw. The ordinary low-brow man-in-the-street who talks to people in pubs and tries to keep in touch with his fellow human-beings is apt to conclude that Haw-Haw does a great deal of harm. The High-Brows are certain that Haw-Haw is just a boring form of joke, and that no one pays any attention to him. I do know one fact about the controversy, and that is this. Three names—very famous names—were submitted to the B.B.C. as possible answerers to Haw-Haw, and two of them were rejected at once as being too anti-German.

The Paper Problem

In view of the paper shortage, to make sure of your copy of the *Bystander* each week, it is essential to give your newsagent a standing order. This helps him, you and us. Thank you!

Queen Mary *paid a visit last week to the treasure house at 149, Park Lane, where jewels, pictures, porcelain, manuscripts are still arriving for the great sale at Christie's in June for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund. With the Queen here are Sir Courtauld Thomson, who is Chairman of the Sales Committee, and Lady Cambridge, wife of Queen Mary's nephew, who is helping to organise the sale*

The Duke of Connaught, *wearing his Field-Marshal's uniform, made one of his now rare appearances in public when he inspected the Royal Canadian Regiment and the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps, of both of which he is colonel-in-chief (has been of the former for twenty-five years). Major-General McNaughton received him when he arrived at Aldershot from his Bagshot home. The Duke is ninety years old to-day (May 8th)*

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Janet Johnson and Mr. Birkin

Janet Johnson, the young Australian actress, now in "A House in the Square," and Charles Birkin announced their engagement last week; they met in Hollywood two years ago. He is the son of the late Colonel Charles Birkin, and nephew of Sir Alexander Birkin, Bt., is working at the War Office. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Johnson, of Melbourne

Miss Mia Macklin and Mr. Hodge

Mia Macklin, the young Olympic skater, is engaged to Peter R. Hodge, Royal Artillery, son of Sir Rowland Hodge, Bt., the Northumberland shipbuilder, and Lady Hodge, of Chipstead, Churt, Surrey. Her parents are Capt. and Mrs. N. Macklin, of Fairmile, Cobham, Surrey

WEDDING GUESTS

Mr. and Mrs. Currie

Mr. and Mrs. Hamish Currie were guests at the Lebbeus Hordern — Ursula Gibbons wedding (see page 183). They themselves were married last November. He is the younger son of Sir William Currie, she was Astra Talbot Baines

Social Register

SUPPER-PARTY

Mr. Fitzalan-Howard and Miss Moncreiffe

Right: Lieut. the Hon. Michael Fitzalan-Howard is the second son of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont, is in the Scots Guards. His supper companion on the right is Elisabeth Moncreiffe, Sir David Moncreiffe's sister, who came out two years ago

WEDDING

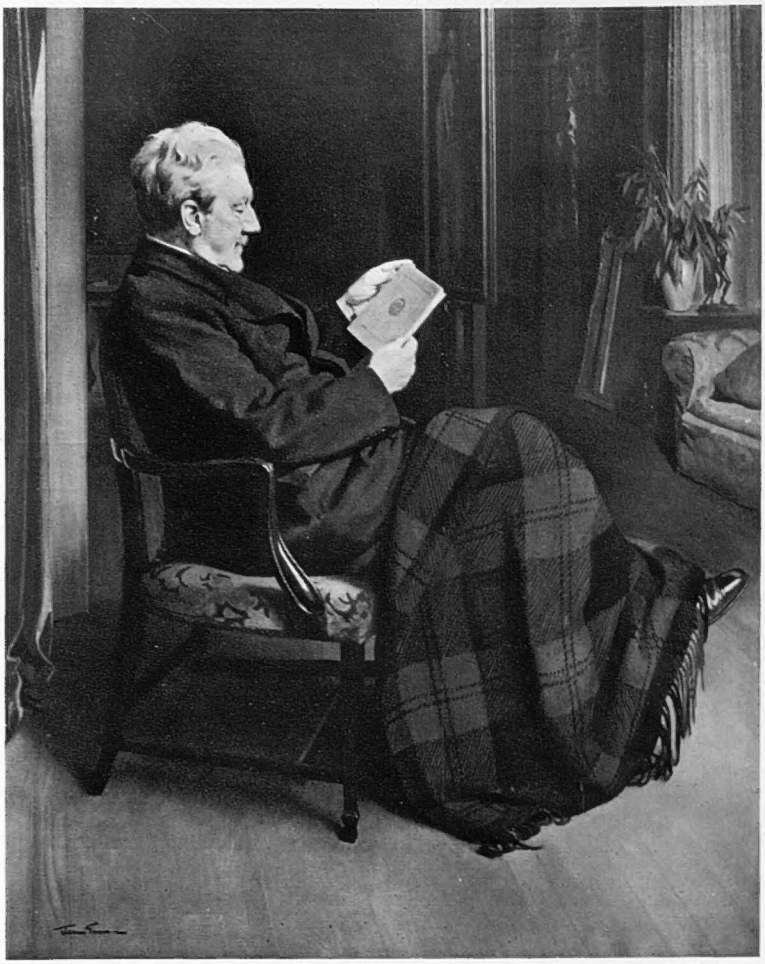
Lieut. Weld-Forester and Lady Moyra Butler

Charles R. C. Weld-Forester, Rifle Brigade, only son of Major the Hon. Edric and Lady Victoria Weld-Forester, of Laverton House, Broadway, Worcs., and cousin of Lord Forester, and Lady Moyra Butler, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ossory, and granddaughter of the Marquess of Ormonde, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

CHRISTENING

Lord Leverhulme, His Daughter, Son-in-Law, and Grandson

Dennis William Stobart Whetherly was christened from Thornton Manor, his grandfather, Lord Leverhulme's Cheshire home. He is the son of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. William Stobart Whetherly, who were married in 1938. His father is in the King's Dragoon Guards, his mother is Lord Leverhulme's younger daughter



The Late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, K.T.
By James Gunn

Sir Hugh Walpole
By R. G. Eves, R.A.

The 1940 Royal Academy

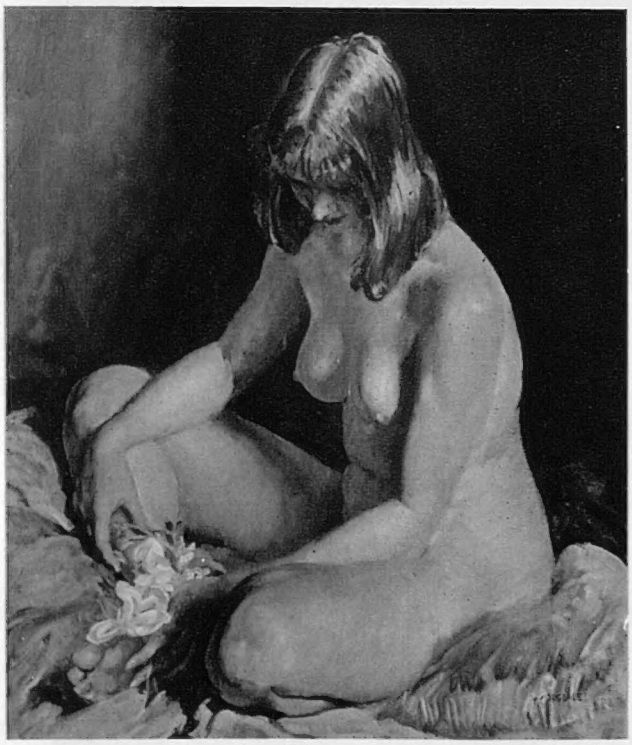
Two Portraits of Men, Two Portraits of Women, a Nude, Landscapes and "Documentaries" from the Summer Exhibition at Burlington House

August, 1939
By Harold Harvey

Their Hero
A tempera panel by James W. Tucker

Romance
By David Jagger

Gypsy Plaiting Her Hair
By Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A.



The Good Earth
By T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A.

Landscape : Summer
By Harry E. Allen

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Feeding the Birds
By A. J. Munnings, R.A.

Anthony

"How now, Cordelia! Mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes"

After a long, dark emptiness, due to the war and its attendant complications, the Old Vic reopened three weeks ago with tremendous Shakespearean theatricality. Here is the mainspring of the two-play season: John Gielgud, now Lear, and to follow that, Prospero in *The Tempest*. *King Lear*, which has still nearly half of its six-weeks' run to go, is reviewed by Mr. Farjeon on the opposite page

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Mad Lear defies the storm with two followers of happier days: Lear (John Gielgud), Fool (Stephen Haggard), and Kent (Lewis Casson)

"King Lear" (Old Vic)

IN these days of artistic as well as every other kind of crisis, high praise is due to the gallant stars who have rallied voluntarily to the cause of Shakespeare. Headed by Mr. John Gielgud, who could command as big a salary as any actor in England, and who is always thinking of the theatre first and himself afterwards, they are appearing for next to nothing at the Old Vic because they realise that the battle of the Old Vic is one we cannot afford to lose. And if *The Tempest*, shortly due, packs the house as it has been packed by *King Lear*, they may find it hard to resist extending the programme, which was originally limited to these two plays. In any event, they have, for the time being, put Shakespeare and the Old Vic on their feet again. They have restored the self-respect of the theatre. And although it may be a pity that it should require stars to do this—an equally fine performance given by a company of nonentities might easily have been a complete flop—all honour to them. Has anybody made a success of Lear since Garrick?

GARRICK must have been tremendous. "I have heard," wrote Hazlitt, "that once, when Garrick was acting Lear, the spectators in the front row of the pit, not being able to see him well in the kneeling scene, where he utters the curse, rose up, when those behind them, not willing to interrupt the scene by remonstrating, immediately rose up too, and in this manner the whole pit rose up, without uttering a syllable, so that you might hear a pin drop." Mr. Gielgud's Lear is, inevitably, something less than this. The make-up is magnificent. The voice, when first heard, seems to have no connection with it, lacking depth and richness. But once you have grown accustomed to that, the feeling and variety of tone he puts into the opening scenes, the clarity of the meaning behind every word, are matters for rejoicing. Does he ride the storm? No; those amazing outpourings lose themselves in the wild open-air theatre. But in the scene with Gloucester on the cliff Mr. Gielgud rises to the top of his performance, which, if lacking in the ultimate note of sympathy—we feel for the words Lear speaks rather than for Lear himself—is a fine achievement.

WHAT of the others? Mr. Hawkins as Edmund gives, I think, the most completely satisfactory performance, humorous, rascally, commanding. Mr. Haggard's Fool is intensely irritating. If I don't know how this part should be played, I do know that it should not be played like Puck. Mr. Hannen and Mr. Casson are thoroughly efficient as Gloucester and Kent; Mr. Harris gives poor Tom's outpourings without the gabble that usually makes them completely unintelligible; there is a very clever performance of the Steward by Mr. Somers. Miss Tandy is not up to Cordelia. She seems to have no reserves and to be making a commendable effort. Miss Compton and Miss Nesbitt are well enough as Goneril and Regan, parts most actresses have hitherto played entirely with their nostrils—which, let us hope, will in future be regarded as the forfended place. For the rest, good enough. For the whole, very good indeed. Which, where a performance of this great and difficult play is concerned, is pretty remarkable.

Sketches by Rouson

Brothers, one legitimate: Edmund, Gloucester's bastard son (John Hawkins), and Edgar, Gloucester's rightful son (Robert Harris)

Wicked sisters who meet an untimely end: Goneril (Cathleen Nesbitt) and Regan (Fay Compton)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Good Lord!"

AGHAST yet morbidly interested, like a cathedral-town spinster watching the emancipated wife of an Archdeacon kicking off a policeman's hat, we realise more each day that the 1940 Army is not our Army. Following the romantic lead of a Colonel in a Home station who recently issued gay hackles for his men to wear in their caps, in order (he was reported as saying) to make them more glamorous to women, the War Office has now taken a hand in Cupid's game. Coloured hats may be worn by the troops off duty, at their own expense, plainly for the same reason. This makes survivors of the Great War feel very old and lonely, and cut off from the present military system by an unplumbable abyss. Nobody cared in 1914-18 whether we were dressy enough to attract women or not, and to do them justice—to do women an injustice or to shoot them, is in our view the act of a cad—women never asked why we didn't wear coloured hats or hackles, but took our homely pans as they were and made no more fuss than usual. Still less did colonels in those days indulge in regimental fantasy of a gay or erotic nature, though they often had their eccentricities. We suffered under one who had pale, mad blue eyes and a yellow face and believed, even in the front line, that he was still handling hordes of rebellious coolies on the old rubber plantation at Nbongo-Nbongo. Him the authorities stellenbosched in due course, flourishing a fly-whisk and shouting insults at imaginary missionaries in strange tongues. There was also a brigadier with legs of Venetian glass. Probably every Kitchener division, before the War Machine began running smoothly, knew at least one interesting victim of Indian suns, or cirrhosis, or heredity, or the fairies, or the weezle-woozles; but we never remember any colonel who was Venus's courier, Cupid's pandar, and self-appointed tourist agent for Cythereä, and the War Office's playing-up seems to us to throw an eerie light on Infantry Training, 1940. Maybe this excellent manual (once our favourite bed-book) now contains a section on eyelash-fluttering and embraces by numbers, with illustrations from *La Vie Parisienne*? Go on, tell us. We can take almost anything nowadays.

Char

FOLLOWING our recent note on the spy industry, British and foreign, a reader on the Maginot Line reminds us that during what are known as the "peace years" preceding last September the best intelligence work in the female branch was done probably not by flashy blondes, but by their humbler sisters who scrub floors and empty waste-baskets. Which reminded us at once of the famous Mme. Bastian. For many years this admirable charwoman, who was employed at the German Embassy in Paris, served civilisation and her country by dipping nightly into waste-baskets after the diplomats had gone out to dine and dance. Among the precious things she found and conveyed to the État-Major were documents chucked away by Major Schwartzkoppen, First Military Attaché, involving the aftermath of the Dreyfus case, which by binding and gagging French Military Intelligence was one of the major causes of the Great War, so several French authorities still affirm. Why such papers were not carefully burned would seem a mystery to a child of five, but this big happy world is full of marvels, and when you meet occasional diplomats you're not surprised at anything those boys may do in a hurry if they've got a party-date.

Whether that outcry some months ago about the number of German parlour-maids employed in and around Aldershot was justified we've never heard. Perhaps industrious spectacled Nordic pans in the Wilhelmstrasse at this moment are wrinkled with worry, trying to make something out of crumpled missives beginning "Dear Sir, Re your complaint re a missing sock——" or "Popsy, Savoy Bar, 7.15." And good luck to them.

Scribblepots

BY bumping up the three-halfpenny postage stamp to 2½d., the Chancellor of the Exchequer will probably do a lot to bring the Island Race into line with French thought. The French in our experience never write or answer letters, which relieves them of a lot of needless bother and saves a lot of lying. The English on the other hand are born letter-writers. Horace Walpole's private correspondence, for example, fills a dozen or so closely-printed volumes, and we always ask ourselves the same astonished question about Slogger Walpole that Frank Sullivan asked about Marcel Proust—namely, he was rich, so why the hell did *he* have to write? The answer is probably that both Proust and Walpole actually liked it. So do 90 per cent. of the Island Race, judging by the great bags our postmen stagger round with daily, crammed with mumblings and misinformation and—in the case of letters bearing a City post-mark and addressed to Mayfair blondes—lies and boasts and entreaties and promises and threats of an appalling and abject kind. An American thinker who has given this national letter-writing craze much thought tells us he can't imagine what the British can find to write to each other about, except to say that their legs are cold as marble this morning, so they must be dead. This doesn't apply to vegetarians, judging by a manifesto we read years ago by Mr. Eustace Miles. Mr. Miles was very keen on smooth, flowing penmanship, and took great pride in writing letters full of words without lifting pen from paper. But even then (we asked ourselves), what did he

(Concluded on page 168)

"Before the unveiling, the Reich wants to thank Frau Bagwash for the use of her nightgown!"

More Fragments From France: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"And to think I come 'ere on a char-à-banc tour of the battle-fields only last summer, and blinkin' well 'ad to pay for it"

Standing By . . .

(Continued from page 166)

find to write to his brother-vegetarians *about*? Once you 've described one nut-steak you 've described them all.

That excellent labour-saving custom of the French to which we 've alluded often has a bracingly dramatic surprise in store for the foolish. After a long and dignified silence of some months you get a sudden reply to the 155 polite, imploring or threatening letters with which you 've been bombarding them. It takes the shape of a single sheet of official stamped paper with formal printing and typescript on it and a seal of the Republic one and indivisible. Next day a *huissier* calls, a charming official in a cocked hat, and sells you up, to your concierge's unconcealed delight.

Drama

ALREADY showing a few disturbing fissures in its foundations and superstructure, the Public School System derived no great benefit, we thought, from the recent firing by the Governors of the Headmaster of one of the minor public schools because, for one reason, he apparently didn't get on very well with the Old Boys' Association. A threat by the Headmasters' Conference to remove the school from the Stud Book unless the row was settled preceded this dismissal and—most of the minor public schools being as anxiously insistent on their gentility as any faded and impecunious virgin of nice upbringing who haunts a British seaside town—must have scared everybody. Personally we think if the school had been officially déclassé it would have given those Old Boys an opportunity for stoic heroism on a Japanese scale. The school colours having been broken by the Sergeant at the pavilion mast for the last time, the Governors could have ceremonially handed each Old Boy a screen, a clean straw mat, and a razor, with a brief intimation of what Tradition and the Team Spirit required of him. (The classic example of the Team Spirit, incidentally, is the case of the Gadarene Swine, yet how many headmasters make an issue of it?) Since no Old Boy would ever have the moral courage to defy the System and refuse, the subsequent Happy Despatch (*zip, zip*) en masse of these samurai would afford a spectacle at once heroic and picturesque. Moreover, it would reduce the number of Old Boys by a few hundred and the total of annual Old Boys' dinners by one. If you enjoy these love-feasts, in your masochist way, this remark will of course have no meaning for you.

It may be that one is either born an Old Boy or one is not. To be born an Old Boy is to be relatively fortunate, one's mental development ceasing abruptly at the age of fourteen and continuing thus arrested and atrophied into extreme old age and finally to the grave. For these happy ones no Old Boys' dinner is ever fraught with terror, agony and death, but they look forward eagerly each year to the changeless, timeless, harmless babble and the old familiar pans, hardly changing with the years except to grow redder, more pop-eyed, and more dumb. Regimental dinners, by comparison, may often seem like festivals over which Socrates presides, supported by Wilde, La Rochefoucauld, Sheridan, Congreve, Earle Welby, and a few more wits and sages, yet everybody knows what a battalion dinner can be like towards its twentieth anniversary. We speak of course as a weak-nerved amateur; professional soldiers, who face the annual regimental dinner like any other regimental duty, do so all their lives without complaint. It 's just an occupational risk.

Parade

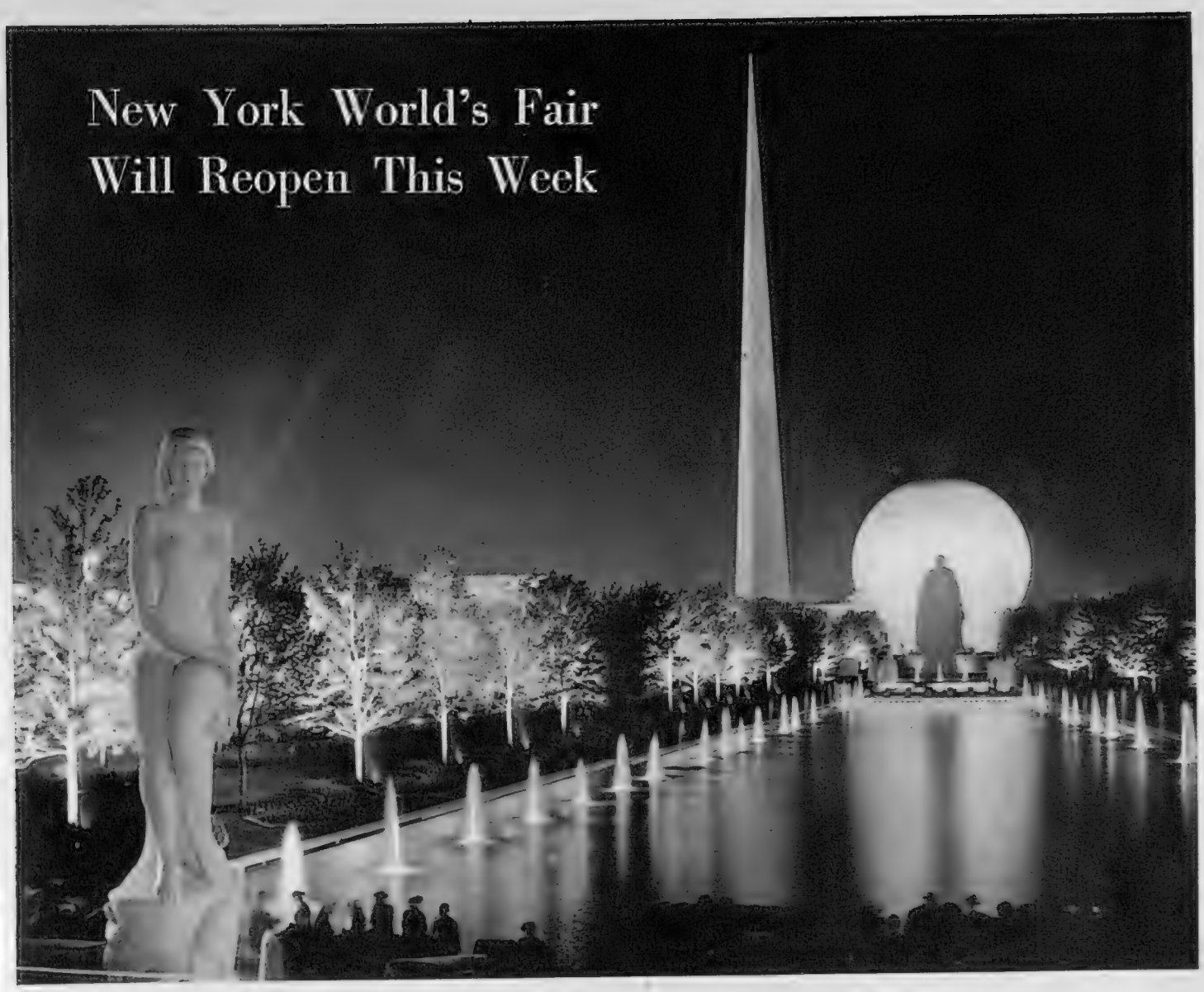
WELL, Miss Spiritual Miami (*née* Fern Hall) has beaten Miss Spiritual New York (*née* Margaret Jamieson) in the final of the knock-out national championship for the title of "Miss Spiritual America 1940," organised and run by the Rev. Anderson Jardine, who performed the marriage ceremony for the Duke of Windsor. The betting, an American friend tells us, started at about 15's on the New York filly but hardened to evens after a trial gallop or two by the Miami favourite, who was strongly tipped. He added that the reverend impresario, for a Britisher, had got a line on American thought and pegged out a new claim with surprising quickness. Parades at intervals of cuties carrying banners and exhibiting their nice torsos in State and national competitions are a commonplace in America, as everybody knows. But not even Sister Aimée Semple McPherson ever thought of getting a covey of sweethearts all over the country to exhibit their nice minds to the public instead, and our friend thinks there was possibly a certain liveliness at headquarters when Sister Aimée's Press agents turned up at conference, glum and chewing, the day after the Jardine racket hit the front pages. ("Ya tellin' *me* there 's nothin' to it? Listen, it 's the elephant's pants, spiritooally speakin', ya poor dope!") And by the time Miss Spiritual America 1940 has finished endorsing herbal cigarettes ("Grass-Tipped for Soul-Joy"), candies, bed-socks, soap, refrigerators, canned soups, hymn books, radiograms, and what-have-you, Sister Aimée's Angel Chorus will be well out in the alley pro tem., clever as her publicity department may be.

That such a typically American competition was devised and carried out by a typically British clergyman, not long resident, ought to send our somewhat wobbly national prestige in the States rocketing up like the temperature of an Empire-builder after a kiss from an anopheles mosquito. And of course it will do a lot of good, of itself. We can't at the moment imagine to whom.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Gunner Barrington says the balloon barrage cramps his style, Sir"

New York World's Fair Will Reopen This Week



Trylon and Perisphere *are the spectacular background of this floodlit night view up "Constitution Mall," with its central pool, over which the statue of George Washington presides. The statue in the foreground is one of four portraying the virtues of free democracy. Oddly enough, this particular lady is said to represent "Freedom of the Press"*

Last year a strange blend of failure and success, that conglomeration of opulence and display for which an entire island in New York's East River was reconstructed, the World's Fair of 1939 will on May 11 reopen almost unchanged as the World's Fair of 1940. The only significant revision of last year's plan is the absence of Soviet Russia, who was politely informed last winter that her sky-scraping exposition of the glories of the Workers' State would perhaps be of more use in Finland. There was some doubt at the beginning of the war as to whether Britain could usefully afford to keep her elaborate (and last year extremely popular) exhibit going, but the argument eventually turned in favour of propaganda value, and Mr. C. M. Pickthall, of the Department of Overseas Trade, has gone over to succeed Sir Louis Beale as Commissioner-General

General Motors' *exhibit, in which fair-goers are taken for a half-hour ride through the countryside of the future, is one of the most popular of all the lavish exhibits. A queue, which never dwindled, can be seen on the incline which leads fifty years into a problematical future*

c

"Are You Being Served?"

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens and Clubs

Courier *Freda Fairbairn directs a new member to the part of the vast club he wants. Two couriers are always on duty (shifts, 9.30 to 2 p.m., 2 to 6 p.m.) to help members, show visitors round, page for telephone calls*

Lounges *have easy chairs, pile carpets, flowers, Canadian, English, American magazines. The reading-room has all the English dailies, and two copies of every daily published in Canada, so the men get all the home news, general and local. Each room has a "captain," who keeps it tidy, sees to the papers, ash-trays, etc. She does not talk to the members unless anyone obviously wants to chat*

Valeting *is a popular service. Aircraftman Thornley has his tunic pressed for 9d. by Mr. Milner. Trouser-pressing costs 9d., greatcoats, 1s. There is also a shoe-cleaning service*

No. 3. The Beaver Club

Mr. Vincent Massey, Canada's High Commissioner, first had the idea of reviving the Beaver Hut run by the Y.M.C.A. in the Strand last war. His idea came true in dream style when Mr. Ernest Cooper gave £10,000 to start a subsequent stream of Canadian donations. The Canadian Y.M.C.A. guarantee £10,000 for running expenses. The ideal site was found in the old L.C.C. headquarters in Spring Gardens, opposite the Admiralty. Reconstruction and adaptation were excellently done by Harvey Dawson, Canadian architect practising in England since 1920, and the £5000 furnishing and gay, charming decoration were supervised by Mrs. Vincent Massey. Manager of the club is Captain H. J. Swetman, who has had fifteen years' service with the Canadian Y.M.C.A. Director of Counselling Services is Captain W. J. Holliday, another Canadian Y.M.C.A. veteran of the last war. Information Bureau and Programmes Director is Miss Marion Walwyn, who ran the Beaver Hut social activities last war, and is well known as organiser of European tours for Canadians. Supervisors of the 1100 voluntary workers (50% Canadian, 50% English and American) are Mrs. Swan and Lady Borrett, wife of Lieut.-General Sir Oswald Borrett; deputy supervisor is Mrs. Crerar, wife of Major-General Crerar

Billiards *(player here is Private MacLeod from Ontario) is one of the numerous recreations in the club. There's also a Field Comforts room, where socks are darned, buttons sewn on, "while you wait"*

Writing-rooms *are several. In this one sits Lance-Corporal J. H. Stewart, from Vancouver. At the club post-office he can buy stamps, send his letter by one of five collections, deposit money, or change it from Canadian to British currency*

Snack bar *supplies ice-cream sodas, coco-cola, hot dogs, doughnuts, all in great demand on dance evenings. Serving-shift (four to six in number) includes Mrs. Dudley Porter, Mrs. Gordon. On the other side of the counter are some of the dancing-partner "panel" (see below). Pictures in the canteen are of Canadian cities and beauty spots*

Cafeteria counter *serves 400 meals at a time, has eight to ten workers on duty. Choice of three meat dishes, two veg., choice of three sweets, and coffee or tea, costs 1/2. Lemon pie, butterscotch pie, corn on the cob, 3d. each, and lemon pie is most popular. Hamburger, onions and chips, 7d. and 10d. A waffle machine is to be installed*

Tuck-shop, *under a New Brunswick moose, supplies cigarettes, sweets, buttons, combs, fountain-pens, post-cards of London, and so on, all slightly below shop prices. Sales-girls are Miss D. Rose and Miss G. Brooks*

Barber's shop *keeps two assistants busy on week-days, three at week-ends. (Hair-cut, 8d.; shave, 4d.; shampoo, 6d.; massage, 1/-.) On the left Mr. Felix and Mr. Baxter attend to L./Aircraftman Percy Walter, Aircraftman B. Thornley*

Information bureau *is open 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., with seven or eight workers on 4-hour shifts — here Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Crowe (Canadian), Mrs. Colt, Mrs. Sayers and Mrs. Challis (both American). Maps, games, entertainments, churches, hostels, shops are information subjects, and also many private enquiries*

Dances *on the canteen's excellent floor are held every Saturday, sometimes other evenings. A panel of Canadian and English dancing partners for the men is on call. There are also concerts, sometimes by the men, sometimes by artists like Bea Lillie, Evelyn Laye. The gramophone plays incessantly; Mrs. Hope is on record-changing duty during meals*

The homecoming *of the young, shy Mrs. de Winter as second wife of the owner of Manderley, beautifully portrayed by Celia Johnson, is overshadowed by the sinister housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers. So when she breaks a valuable ornament the bride pathetically hides the pieces for fear of being found out. This is one of the most moving incidents of the whole play*

The housekeeper, *Mrs. Danvers (a ghoulishly clever study by entices the second Mrs. de Winter into appearing at the Mand the costume worn by the first. The housekeeper's love for her de in intense jealousy of her successor, to whom she only seeks*

"Rebecca"

Daphne du Maurier's Modern Melodrama at the Queen's

Second chapter of a remarkable triple success for Daphne du Maurier began when *Rebecca* opened at the Queen's Theatre five weeks ago. She herself adapted for the stage what had immediately established itself as a best-selling novel when it was published two years ago. Her dramatic version, brilliantly produced by George Devine, admirably set by Roger Furse, and excellently acted, above all by Celia Johnson as the second Mrs. de Winter, wasted equally little time in establishing itself as a play of the moment. Third chapter of this success story opened in America with Alfred Hitchcock's film production of Miss du Maurier's novel, in which Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine (sister of Olivia ["Melanie"] de Havilland) play the de Winter pair. The film *Rebecca* has been greatly praised by the American critics, and has at New York's Radio City Music Hall come only second to *Snow White* in the length of its run. 750,000 people have seen it there

Jealousy *nearly results in murder, when the malevolent housekeeper's hatred of the second wife becomes out of control*

Clue *to the may be in her the Chief Con pathetically pl the left, he to Mrs. Da steward of Ma*

argaret Rutherford),
fancy-dress ball in
mistress shows itself
bring unhappiness

At the ball, *the second Mrs. de Winter appears in all innocence as Rebecca, first Mrs. de Winter, had done at the Manderley ball before she was drowned. Her husband, Maxim (Owen Nares), is horrified, shouts to her to go and change the dress. His sister and brother-in-law, Beatrice and Giles Lacy (Edith Sharpe and George Thorpe), watch from the foot of the stairs*

Photographs by Angus McBean

His innocence *established, de Winter and his young wife re-begin their life together. He has described to her the tragedy of his first marriage, and confessed how it was indeed he who shot the vicious, debauched Rebecca and staged the drowning accident, and the second Mrs. de Winter has told him that she still loves him and will stand by him*

the mystery of Rebecca's death
her engagement book, or so thinks
Constable, Colonel Julyan, sym-
y played by C. V. France. On
he points out the fatal date
Danvers and Frank Crawley,
Manderley (Raymond Huntley)

The lover *of the dead Rebecca, Jack Favell, well presented by Ronald Ward, accuses Maxim of her murder. The coroner's jury had returned a verdict of suicide, but Favell has other evidence and attempts to blackmail Maxim. Above, Favell makes his accusation in the presence of Mrs. de Winter, Frank Crawley, and Colonel Julyan*

Four Weddings

Mr. L. A. P. Robinson and the Hon. Nancy Bowes-Lyon

The Queen was present at the marriage of her niece, Nancy Moira Bowes-Lyon, second daughter of Lord and Lady Glamis, to Lance Amigo Percy Robinson, R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late Captain P. D. Robinson (9th Northumberland Fusiliers), and of Mrs. E. L. Dimond, of Ladywood, Seal, Chart, Kent, which took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The best man was Mr. J. D. Buchanan, Grenadier Guards. The bride wore ivory-tinted matt jersey, and carried a bouquet of white roses

Miss Bowes-Lyon's Five Bridesmaids

Lady Mary Leveson-Gower, daughter of the Queen's sister, Countess Granville, Rosemary Lyttleton, the Hon. Grania Guinness, and Sheila and Patricia Dimond, cousins of the bridegroom, were Miss Bowes-Lyon's bridesmaids, were dressed, like her, in white, with turbans of white tulle, and bouquets of pink lilies

Mr. Tyler and Miss Fitzalan-Howard

Sec.-Lieut. Edward Guy Tyler, Irish Guards, eldest son of Captain and Mrs. Guy Tyler, of the End Farm, Marlow, Bucks., and Philippa Gwendolen Mary Fitzalan-Howard, only daughter of the late Lieut. the Hon. Philip Fitzalan-Howard, and Mrs. P. G. Rivière, of Beverley Cottage, Highcliffe, Hants., were married quietly in the Lady Chapel of Brompton Oratory

Mr. Kennard and Miss Joan Perschke

Laurence Ury Charles Kennard, elder son of Sir Coleridge Kennard, Bt., and Lady Kennard, and grandson of the late Sir George Barclay, was married to Joan Perschke, elder daughter of William T. Perschke, of Danesacre, Sidlesham, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Perschke at Chelsea Old Church

Viscount Hanworth and Miss Parker

Sec.-Lieut. Lord Hanworth, Royal Engineers, only son of the late Captain Charles T. A. Pollock, and of the Hon. Mrs. Pollock, of Longdown Cottage, Sandhurst, Berks., and Isolda Rosamond Parker, Junior Company Commander, A.T.S., younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Parker, of Cairo, and of 77, Cromwell Road, S.W., were married quietly at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

Home on Leave: Lord and Lady Jersey at Osterley Park

The Earl of Jersey, now a Second-Lieutenant in the Army, was back at Osterley Park the other day on short leave. He and his pretty American wife went round the house and grounds of this lovely place of theirs just outside London. The park and gardens have now been reopened to the public, but not the superb Adam house, whose beauties of architecture, furniture, pictures were first seen by the public last summer. Lord Jersey got his commission from the H.A.C., in which he became an anti-aircraft gunner before the war. He and Lady Jersey, who was film-actress Virginia Cherrill, were married in 1937

Sally Gray

A Rising Star of Stage and Screen

Sally Gray as Herself

***"Terribly attractive"** is the appropriate enough title of the number in "Funny Side Up" in which Sally Gray appears in this terribly attractive guise*

Sally Gray's mother was a dancer (ballet), her grandmother an actress. And Sally is both. She comes from Yorkshire, and was trained at Fay Compton's studio. Small parts in films and in *Gay Divorce* when it was at the Palace as a play led to her first film lead, opposite Stanley Lupino in *Cheer Up*. Since then the Lupino family has been very much tied up with her career, for she returned to the stage to play opposite the late Laddie Cliff in *Over She Goes*, of which Stanley Lupino was author, producer and co-star, had her best film role to date in Teddie St. Denis's part in *The Lambeth Walk*, with Lupino Lane, and she is now one of the stars of Stanley Lupino's *Funny Side Up* at His Majesty's. In between she has played in the films *Calling the Tune*, with Adèle Dixon, *Café Colette*, with Paul Cavanagh, and *Lightning Conductor*, with Gordon Harker. A new film, with Michael Redgrave, *A Window in London*, is due for release next month

Photographs by Anthony

Films of the Day

M. Boyer, an Ape, Stunt Fliers, Some Wives

By George Campbell

"L'Epervier" was French; Charles Boyer was in the cast. That was enough to raise hopes that even the press-agent's murmured admission, "It isn't quite Boyer's latest, you know," only slightly damped. With the appearance of dear old George Grossmith's face on the screen, and the recollection that he died in 1935, one realised with a shock that possibly a press-agent had been guilty of under-statement. Just when *L'Epervier* was made I don't know, and wasn't tactless enough to inquire. Perhaps it doesn't matter much anyway, though one couldn't help thinking that there might be something not quite right about a production that takes six or seven years to cross the Channel.

L'Epervier starts promisingly enough. The Boyer of 1933 or thereabouts brings a leaner, more romantic charm to the role of the Hungarian aristocrat who supplements an allowance from his father with a little cheating at cards, skilfully aided by his wife. For a time everything goes well; the hawks are as amorous as budgerigars; the pigeons are unsuspicious. Then a young French diplomat (Pierre-Richard Willm) falls in love with the cheat's wife, and caps the situation by detecting her in the act of slipping her husband a useful ace.

What should A do? Remembering Talleyrand's "Pas trop de zèle," the diplomat does nothing, apart from making love to the wife. Since it has been carefully established that the husband is a jealous and dangerous man, we are all ready for a dramatic solution when the director decides to try a new twist or two; and in the next ten minutes he has wrecked the husband's health, the wife's romance, and the film's chances at the box-office. M. Boyer's acting is good, and needs to be. Natalie Paley plays his wife with a drooping, concave lethargy which doesn't help; M. Willm has little chance to be more than an elegantly stuffed shirt; and poor George Grossmith, as the Frenchman's idea of the typical Englishman, had no chance at all.

If you saw Dorothy Lamour in her other South Seas epics, you will know what to expect from *Typhoon*. Here she is, clad in a garment that may be a sarong or a lava-lava or just a coloured duster for all I know, but leaves just as much revealed to the fan with an eye for Technicolor. The only name she can recall is "Dear," and her sole companion is an ape, called Coco. One of them evidently has a mechanical mind, for in a tree-top they occupy a jolly little sun-trap with a south elevation, a lift, and a certain number of other conveniences.

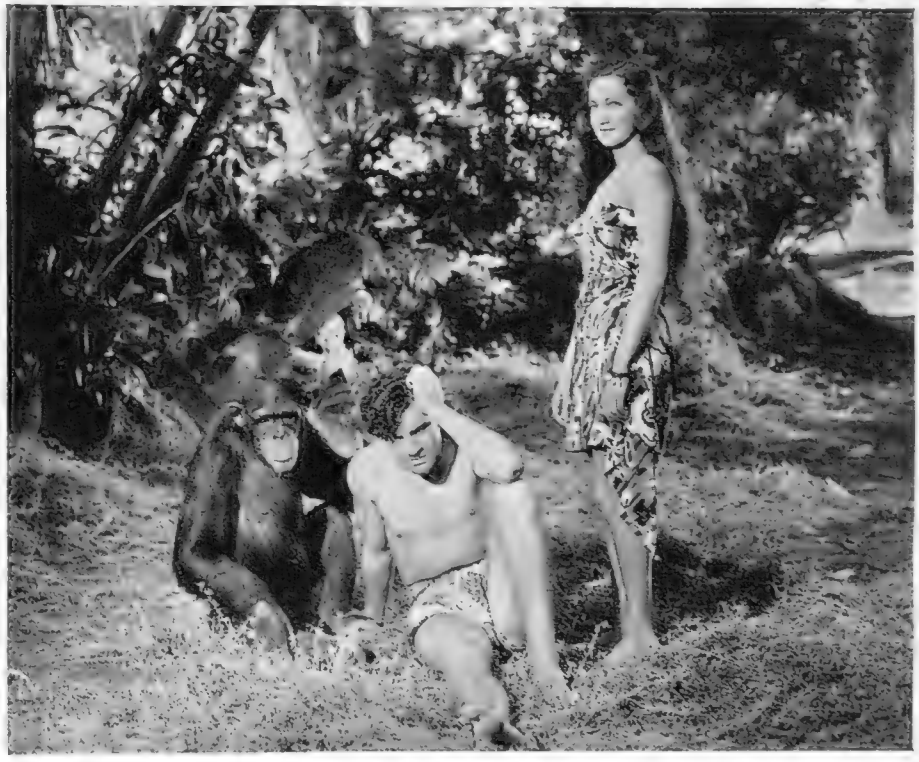
Imagine her surprise when a submarine puts in and a drunken but handsome young beachcomber is left unconscious in her care. It seems that before she was cast away here she had a drunken father herself, so she knows the treatment. She sharpens a razor which happens to have floated ashore, starts the drunkard draining coconuts, and tailors a loin-cloth for him which is immensely becoming in a Tarzan sort of way.

When she planted a kiss on his lips, and thoughtfully remarked that it was not like kissing father, I began to fear we were in for another *Blue Lagoon*, with the stork nesting coyly amongst the palm-trees. But no, the castaway is a man of honour. The native crew of the submarine may rebel, and try diving with an open hatch ("Not a nice way to end!" murmurs the owner sympathetically.) The villainous island chief—do we recognise our Cherokee friend of *Geronimo*, Chief Thundercloud?—comes shooting and firing the jungle. A terrific wall of flame is extinguished at the last moment by the typhoon and a wall of water. But no matter what the temptation or how shattering the crises, I am happy to say that the beachcomber, persistently vamped by the innocent Miss Lamour, says no syllable that might not have been uttered by Tom Brown in the hearing of Dr. Arnold.

It only remains to add that Robert Preston is the beachcomber, Lynne Overman the quaintly amusing pearler, and J. Carrol Naish the mutineer who dives successfully with his hatches open. But Coco steals the picture.

Just as the best things in *Typhoon* are the fire and the storm, so the real heroes of 20,000 *Men a Year* are the stunt fliers and the cameraman. For four or five reels it is just another American college picture. West Point, Annapolis, a flying school—what's the difference when the characters are always the same? But when the cocky young student loses his nerve and jumps from the 'plane into the Grand Canyon, the story comes to life. The searching fliers, dropping down into tomb-like depths, skirting precipices on which you may follow the shadow of the 'plane, roaring almost vertically upward as they turn a corner and find a sheer and savage wall ahead—these fellows do the most hair-raising job I have seen since *Only Angels Have Wings*. Randolph Scott plays a flying instructor, Margaret Lindsay is the college lecturer in sociology, and Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom has a supporting role as a mechanic.

Cashing in on the vogue of family pictures, Warners have followed up *Four Daughters* with *Four Wives*, and still haven't exhausted the possibilities. The three Lane sisters and Gale Page are again the daughters, and the admirers we saw before are now their husbands—all except John Garfield, who killed himself, you may remember, in *Four Daughters*. The attempt to marry his widow off to Jeffrey Lynn, with Eddie Albert as a sort of general specialist in research, psycho-analysis and midwifery, gets us to the end of saga No. 2, with a third somewhere in the offing. It is a gruesome thought.



"Typhoon" brings an ape called Coco, Robert Preston as a beachcomber, and Dorothy Lamour as a castaway, on to a South Sea island. As Mr. Campbell says, "If you saw Dorothy Lamour in her other South Seas epics, you will know what to expect." Further comments of his are on this page, and "Typhoon" went to the Carlton last week

"Bystander" Short Story

Shall a Mother's Tender Care

By Marghanita Laski

"And what," asked John's father with bored jocularity, "are you two doing to-day?"

Mrs. Elton swiftly flashed at John a glance of arch understanding. It said, we are two young people, mother and son, two real friends who go out and have good times together, who need only each other.

John restrained the answering smile he knew was expected of him. He concentrated tediously on his boiled egg, sliding his spoon carefully between the white and the shell till he had a small shining oyster in the bowl.

Mrs. Elton sat waiting for him to look up at her and smile, but now he had swallowed the oyster, was busily cutting his slice of toast into fingers to dip into the sticky yolk. She said, "I thought I 'd go and look at some things at Harrods this morning, and John might come along and meet me there for lunch. That is," she added with conscious politeness, "if you 're not doing anything else, darling."

John said, "If you don't mind awfully, I 'm afraid I can't. I 've got an appointment."

There was a silence. The crimson damask curtains shivered in the spring breeze, and outside in the Kensington square an errand-boy's bicycle bell clicked shrilly.

John's father folded his *Times* and said energetically: "Nonsense, my boy! Of course you can take your mother out to lunch. She gives up all her time to you when you have your school holidays, and then you make what you 're pleased to call appointments. Don't be silly, boy."

Mrs. Elton said softly, "Hush, George." She looked at him steadfastly, the look that said, Let me manage him my own way; let a mother's intuition conquer a father's lack of understanding. "It 's quite all right, dear, if you 're already fixed up," she said gently. "It 's silly of me to expect a boy of eighteen to give all his time to his mother." She paused. "Are you meeting Mathers or Conway?"

"Neither," said John.

Mr. Elton barked, "Don't talk to your mother like that! Give her a civil answer."

I 'd better say it, thought John. They can't do anything about it. He explained: "I 'm taking a girl out to lunch."

Again there was a silence, but this time John looked up at his father. For a moment their eyes met. Then his mother said carefully: "Oh, how nice for you, dear! Is it anybody I know?"

"It 's a girl called Carola Davies," said John deliberately. "She 's an actress. She took the female lead in the school play last term."

Mr. Elton pushed back his chair and stood up. "Have a good time, boy," he said. "Have a good time," and he was gone, leaving his wife with two suddenly-breaking relationships.

She thought, I must be careful. Whatever I do I mustn't antagonise him. I don't suppose it 's anything really. He 's just talking to make it sound grand. "Who else is going to be there?" she asked.

John said, "Oh, I 'm just taking Carola."

He 's never had secrets from me before, she thought; at least, not about anything important. He 's only eighteen, just a schoolboy. There can't be anything in it. I must show him that I understand—that I can join in and help.

"Why don't you bring her along to Harrods?" she suggested. "I 'd very much like to meet her, and I could treat you both."

This can't go on much longer, thought John wearily. Whatever she says, she can't stop me. Aloud he said: "I 'm so sorry, Mummy. I arranged I 'd meet her at the Berkeley."

Without thinking she said swiftly, "But you can't afford it."

She knew she had made her mistake. John stood up and kissed her lightly. "I 've saved up a bit," he said carelessly, and he was gone.

In looking at linens, Mrs. Elton had always found solace. When distraught by the malice of committee ladies or the callousness of servants, the need for new kitchen rubbers, new bath-mats, new dust-sheets came bubbling into her mind. "They *know* me at Harrods," she would say consolingly to herself as she told Alice to ring for a taxi and powdered her nose till it was dulled in the centre of her unpowdered face. "They do know me," she would repeat, reassured by the smiles of the doorman, the lift girl, the salesman in the linens.

But to-day none of these things gave reassurance. As she walked through the shop, instead of looking for the habitual smiles, she was noticing the young girls—here, there and everywhere as they seemed to be; young girls hatless with shining manes of hair; young girls slim-waisted in gay dresses, in high-heeled shoes and funny hats; young girls with unlined faces and vitality in their movements.

The shop seemed full of mirrors that morning, and in each she saw her neglected face, her dull hair, her good tweed coat and sensible hat. Before her, behind her, in each mirror flashed a young girl.

She took off her gloves to finger the linens and saw her thick, strong hand with its square-cut, unpolished nails. For once she bought the first dust-sheets that were offered her, not pausing to ask, "But are you sure these are the very *best*?" or "Can I take it you thoroughly recommend these?", waiting for the confident affirmation that would assure her discrimination.

It 's like a knife through my heart, she said to herself as she sat sipping a cup of coffee in the snack-bar. She looked round the room. The young girls were presumably still searching the shop for gossamer stockings, unexpected hats, seductive perfumes and indecent lingerie. The room was full of women like herself, decent, solid women in nice quiet colours, one in a musquash coat, one in astrakhan, some with a touch of lipstick and all with powdered noses and respectable hats. It might have occurred to Mrs. Elton to wonder how often these, too, had had their hearts pierced by the announcement that their sons were taking actresses to lunch at the Berkeley, but such a surmise would have cheapened her anguish. It was not in her power to wish to alleviate it, so she sat and sipped her coffee and thought, He doesn't understand, he doesn't know how I hoped and prayed and longed for this time, how I looked forward to going about with him, to understanding him, just the two of us, mother and son, enjoying everything together. But I 'll fight for him, she said firmly; it 's my duty as his mother. I wouldn't be doing what I think right if I let him be led away by some cheap little actress because I was afraid of hurting him. It wouldn't be right if I let him get all tangled up with someone just before he goes to the University. I 'm only thinking of his happiness! she cried despairingly. I 'm only thinking of his happiness!

John, strolling down Piccadilly, was perfectly happy. He was delighting in the London spring, thoroughly pleased with himself and the world. He had noticed lately, how very happy he was as soon as he was out of the Kensington house and away from his mother. I 'm a different person, he

(Concluded on page 188)

Illustration by John Pimlott

"Well," she said, "I thought even if my boy had grown big enough to take girls out to lunch, he might still be quite glad for his old mother to come along and foot the bill"

Tailored Simplicity

—In Tweeds
—In Fur

The Government slogan, "Wear your clothes longer," is no hardship when it is applied to furs, for good skins, cleverly worked, do not date any more than they wear out. The prices of furs will inevitably go up, so it is a real economy to buy them now. Harrods, Knightsbridge, have a collection that is a series of sound investments. Their model below, for a hundred guineas, is made in Alaska bronze seal with a particularly silky sheen. Well tailored, with a raised shoulder-line and two buttons at the neck, it could be worn in town or with tweeds. Another attractive coat here is of ocelot bordered with nutria, an unusual but effective contrast

Slacks have now been raised to the dignity of trousers, with their tailored cut and variety of materials. Those above, from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, cost 35s. 9d. in the Glenurquhart check shown, though they are also made in plain worsteds. They come from the Olympic Room on the ground floor, where you can also find the beautifully-fitting, hip-length jacket in frieze cloth for 6½ guineas. This particular one is in pale blue, but it can be copied in other pastel colours. Holidays need not be dull just because they cannot be taken abroad, and all kinds of amusing clothes are shown in this department, including a bather in gaily coloured satin printed with a shower of seaside resort labels

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Stupid Sex

By V. S. Pritchett

Now that Simenon is being translated—and admirably translated, too—from the French, I foresee the ruin of English detective fiction, with Agatha Christie's shorter pieces alone remaining untouched among the wreckage. What is it that makes English detective fiction so deadly? Fundamentally its dullness is due to its immorality; it deals with murderers without the slightest realisation that they are criminals. The result is a tedious stress on the puzzle element, on detection clues, false clues, etc., and a neglect of the real points of interest—the sources of crime. The last thing an English writer is concerned with, except in the most mechanical sense, is motive; hence the poverty of character and atmosphere, which, among the higher-browed writers (Miss Sayers, for example) are simply added and have no organic connection with the story. Simenon never adds. One is reading about life first and last, and if a detective puzzle arises, it is out of the ramification of human calculation, passion and environment.

"Maigret Abroad" (Routledge; 8*s.* 3*d.*), translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury, contains two Simenon stories—by its very nature detective fiction calls for economy, clarity and brevity—and they marvellously illustrate his superior intelligence. Maigret of the Police Judiciaire goes to a Dutch provincial town to assist a French lecturer detained for murder. A sea captain has been shot and the lecturer has come out of the house a minute after the crime with a revolver in his hand. The town is a prim, decorous, puritan and picturesque place of waving meadows, sleepy canals and, on the distant line of sea, the smoke of the timber ships going to Finland; a place totally different from anything in France which Maigret has known, not only in its aspect and its smells, but in its snugness and smugness. A fascinating difficulty is that he does not speak Dutch and one or two of the leading suspects in the case do not speak French—which means that Maigret has to deduce what he can by using his eyes. Also he has to work against the opposition of the townspeople and the Dutch detectives, who wish to preserve their Protestant gentility from the probing of a foreigner. This atmosphere is perfectly suggested and out of it the story grows; for it becomes clear that there are two camps in the town. There are the very pure and prim who will see to it that a man loses his job and his reputation if he is caught drinking, or kissing a girl; and there are the sinners who get on their bicycles after dark and have to dodge the watchful eyes of the pious peeping through their curtains, and even the beam of the lighthouse as it flashes over the towpath and the wood piles, when they go off in pursuit of sin and pleasure. The murdered captain was a well-known petter; Oosting, suspect No. One, was a well-known contrabandist; Beetje, the hearty, red-faced farm girl, was willing to seduce any man who would swear to get her out of this beautiful but paralysing place; Cornelius, suspect No. Two, tortured by his puritan conscience and jealousy, was caught between his desire for her and his stronger desire to crush her desires. The art of Simenon lies in the balance of his work; not for a moment is the question of detecting the murderer neglected, every suspicion is allowed its line—the marvellous touch of the departing sail on the sea, suggesting the murderer was a casual sailor who has cleared off—yet this does not force the human situation out of focus. The second story is even more typical Simenon. Here we are in the world of petty crime and *boîtes de nuit.*

Hamish Hamilton Married

Captain Hamish Hamilton, the publisher, of Brittenden, Waldron, Sussex, and Countess Yvonne Pallavicino, of Palazzo del Grillo, Rome, were married at Caxton Hall Register Office. Captain Hamilton was formerly married to Jean Forbes-Robertson, the actress

The French novelists are, above all, intelligent, a sometimes monstrous quality in its isolated state. M. de Montherlant is one of these brilliant monsters, a shocking non-appeaser. *The Lepers* (Routledge; 9*s.* 6*d.*)—again an admirable translation by John Rodker—is the sequel to *Pity for Women*, the second volume of a trilogy attacking "young girls." We have our own misogynist in Mr. Somerset Maugham, who merely hates women. M. de Montherlant goes much further. He pursues them in order to increase his reasons for despising them; he arouses the trickery of their possessiveness in order to expose its pitifulness and its stupidity. Women, to Costals, are the ill, the stupid sex—"I walked on the waters, she puts her arm in mine; I sink"—and his favourite reading is Tolstoy's Diary of the latter years when the old man was screaming his horror of the "*filthy* sex." Costals is willing to admit he is exceptional. He is a writer; artists belong to the only world worth anything, the world of the half-mad; his desire for women is purely carnal and masochistic. Not loving, but only liking women, he can feel only pity; and his pity tortures him and Solange. Costals is really an inverted prig who boasts he is more selfish than other men are. In the meantime, almost insolent in his demand for liberty, he is keeping an Arab mistress and working up another affair with one of his fans. All this is immensely readable because, if Costals is a cad, he is a brilliant and disabused cad, rejoicing in his immorality. (I do not mean, of course, in his conventional immorality; that is not an issue.) His quest for sensation—which leads to an affair with an Arab leper—is the mysticism of the artist and egotist. It is also an attack on middle-class ideas. Beside de Montherlant, Maugham is a mere domestic nagger. Costals, though he is preposterous, is never trite nor commonplace; his exhibitionism and vanity produce a subtlety of feeling as genuine and as human in the story of ill-assorted love as anything in *Adolphe*—

> Oct. 1st.—Night with her: agreeable. But this morning she is sad. Women, eternal Penelopes, who unravel during the day that which they have woven at night.

Not the least attraction of M. de Montherlant's insolence is that it breaks "the rules" of novel-writing with a very successful studied carelessness which cuts out all inessentials. English novelists have not learned this effrontery. Mr. Norman Collins' *I Shall Not Want* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*), for example, has a good material spoiled by excessive length. Briefly, it is the life-story of a successful business man, a pious little go-getter who begins by robbing, so to speak, the chapel till. The Chapel belongs to the Amos Immersionists, and the interest of the book is in its thorough exploitation of that neglected English subject—the comedy of sectarianism and money. Though John Marco succeeds and rises to Tono Bungay heights, he is always sapped by the knowledge that he is a backslider, and the immersed brethren of Amos can always make his flesh creep, as indeed they do mine. Mr. Collins has drive, vitality and a dry Arnold Bennett-ish sniff in his prose, and he is inventive and readable. I recommend the scene in which gentility is sabotaged by a carbuncle, a nice piece of low comedy.

Novels recommended:

The Norths Meet Murder. Frances and Richard Lockridge. (Michael Joseph; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The Undefeated. George Wolfenden. (Hurst and Blackett; 8*s.* 3*d.*)

Let My People Go. Cedric Belfrage. (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Miss Susie Slagles. Augusta Tucker. (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Virgins Foolish and Wise *are Mary Honer and Julia Farron. The dances given to them and their eight lamp-bearing followers are strongly contrasted, the Wise Virgins moving with smooth, reserved grace, the Foolish Virgins jerky, pert, and frivolous in their glittering, tawdry finery*

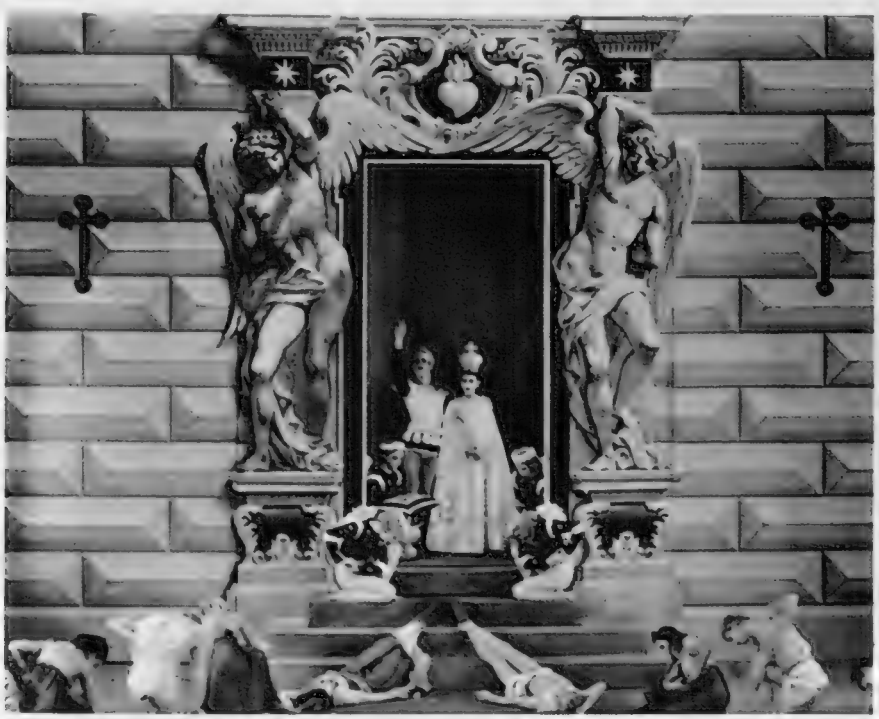
The Wise Virgins

Frederick Ashton's Bach Ballet

Frederick Ashton's new work has missed the instantaneous, almost sensational success of his last ballet, *Dante Sonata*. But it has on the whole been well received by both critics and public. Visually and in conjunction with Rex Whistler's setting and dresses, it achieves much, dramatically less. The theme is taken from the Biblical parable of the wise and foolish virgins; the music is J. S. Bach's, arranged by Constant Lambert and orchestrated by William Walton. The spring season at Sadler's Wells ended last Friday, and the company have now gone to Holland and Belgium under the auspices of the British Council, and to France for E.N.S.A. They come back to London for a summer season in June

Bridegroom and Bride *are Michael Somes and Margot Fonteyn. The former has hardly any dancing in his part; Margot Fonteyn fills her role with serious beauty and dignity throughout the complicated lifts and groupings*

Photographs by Anthony



The decor *is both lovely and imposing, and the choregrapher has made full use of it pictorially in the arrangement of the groupings and tableaux: an excellent example of collaboration. The four Cherubs (Deryk Mendel, Margaret Dale, Guinevere Parry, Mavis Jackson), attendant on the massive doorway, are particularly effective*

The Mother and Father *of the Bride are Annabel Farjeon and Claude Newman. This is one of Annabel Farjeon's first creations in a solo part. She is the daughter of our dramatic critic, Herbert Farjeon*

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Mather — Gillespie

Peter Mather, the actor and producer, son of the late Norman Mather, and Mrs. Mather, of the Anchorage, Barmouth, Merioneth, married Audrey Gillespie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, of Aberford House, Aberford, Yorks, and niece of R. H. Gillespie, of theatrical fame, at St. James's, Spanish Place

Wills — Richards

John Eldridge Wills, third son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Wills, of Hales House, Tunstall, Sittingbourne, Kent, was married at Tunstall Church to Sheila H. Richards, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Richards, of Bredgar, near Sittingbourne

Mottram — Porter

Richard Mottram, son of the late Captain P. J. McQ. Mottram, and Mrs. Mottram, of 4, Southwood Court, N.W.11, was married to Dorothy Porter, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Magill Porter, of Silverdale, Bray, Co. Wicklow, at St. Dominic's Priory

McArthur — Brett

The marriage took place at St. Clement Danes of John S. McArthur, second son of Mr. and Mrs. McArthur, of Stuckgown House, Tarbet, Loch Lomond, and Margaret D. Brett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brett, of Bickley, Kent

Newall — Redmayne-Jones

Flight-Lieut. Frederic Lionel Newall, R.A.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel B. Newall, of Corton Presteign, Radnorshire, was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Elisabeth Redmayne-Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Redmayne-Jones, late of the Chase, Rufford, and now at Beachfield, Birkdale, Lancashire

Taylor — James

Eric Harold Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of Box Hill, was married to Betty James, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. James, of 8, Ridgeway, Epsom, at Christ Church, Epsom. Mr. C. F. James is general manager of the Performing Right Society

Pope — Morris

William Frederick Pope, younger son of Prebendary R. H. Pope, of Northchurch, Herts., and the late Mrs. Pope, and Betty Morris, youngest daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Morris, of 70, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road

Konig — Cholmeley

Marcus Louis de Chappius Konig, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Konig, of Tyringham, Bucks., and Katharine Elizabeth Cholmeley, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hargreaves Cholmeley, of Riversdown House, Warnford, Hants., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Robinson — Bentley

The wedding of E. J. Robinson, youngest son of Sir Sydney and Lady Robinson, of Woodside, Snaresbrook, Essex, and Edith Bentley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bentley, of Redcliffe, Queensland, Australia, took place at Christ Church, Wanstead

Elwes — Martin Smith

Robert P. H. Elwes, 16th/5th Lancers, son of Robert H. A. Elwes, of Cougham House, King's Lynn, Norfolk, and the late Mrs. Elwes, and Vivien Elizabeth Martin Smith, daughter of the late Capt. Everard Martin Smith, and Mrs. Martin Smith, of Lane House, King's Walden, Herts., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Clark — Murray-Buchanan

Scottish wedding was that of Capt. F. W. Clark, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of Ulva's Isle, Argyllshire, and Cecilia Murray-Buchanan, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Murray-Buchanan, of Leny, Callander, Perthshire. They were married at St. Andrew's, Callander

Heinemann — Sullivan

Sec.-Lieut. W. E. Heinemann, R.A., elder son of the late E. L. Heinemann, and Mrs. Heinemann, of 36, Wynnstay Gardens, W.8, married Mollie Sullivan, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. P. Sullivan, of Combe Manor, Wadhurst, Sussex, at Chelsea Old Church

Watson — Cavenagh

At Withcote Hall Church, Oakham, Captain Wesley R. H. Watson, 3rd Carabiniers, Adjutant of the Derbyshire Yeomanry, was married to Bridget Cavenagh, daughter of Major Cavenagh, of Withcote, Oakham, Rutland. Her father is Secretary of the Cottesmore

Fearon — Pirie

Pilot-Officer David Nigel Fearon, of 53, Drayton Gardens, S.W.10, elder son of K. O. Fearon, was married to Mrs. Patricia Pirie, of 84, Greencroft Gardens, N.W.6, younger daughter of the late Col. C. E. Boyce, at the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Quex Road

Walters — Vavasour

Lieut. Michael John Priaulx Walters, R.N., son of the late Lt.-Col. H. de L. Walters, and Mrs. Walters, of Fort Sausmarez, Guernsey, and Elizabeth Mary (Betty) Vavasour, daughter of Capt. Sir Leonard Vavasour, Bt., R.N. (ret'd.), and Lady Vavasour, of 15, St. Mark's Rd., Alverstoke, Hants., were married at St. Mary's, Gosport

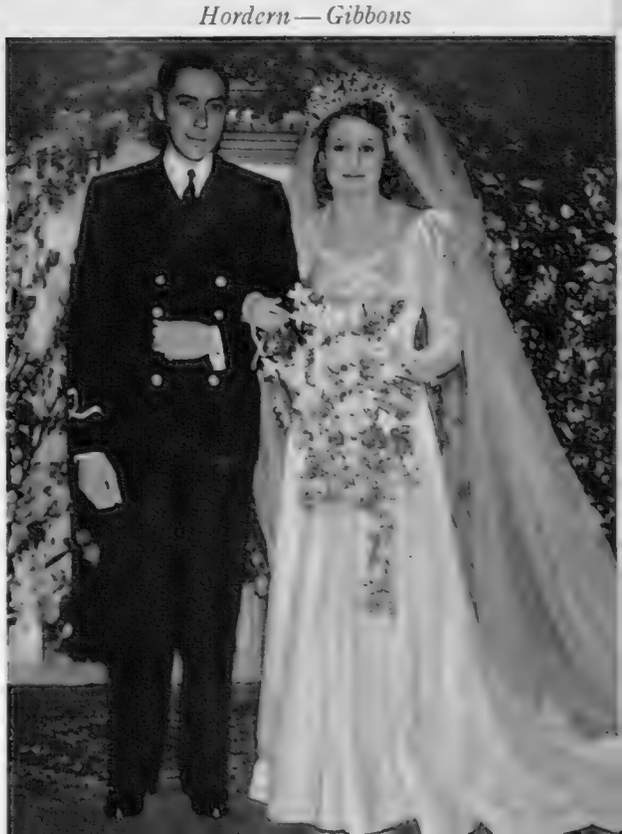
Cowen — Burletson

Captain Denis Joseph Cowen, Northumberland Hussars, third son of the late J. E. Cowen, and of Mrs. Cowen, of Minsteracres, Northumberland, and Ydette Burletson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Burletson, of Silksworth Hall, Co. Durham, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Sandeman — de Walterstorff

Robert Hugh Malcolm Sandeman (Air Transport Auxiliary), of 47, Rossmore Court, N.W., son of Major and Mrs. M. G. Sandeman, of 8, Wear Bay Crescent, Folkestone, and Angie de Walterstorff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. de Walterstorff, of 21, Draycott Avenue, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Hordern — Gibbons



Sub-Lieut. (A.) Lebbeus Anthony Hordern, R.N.V.R., son of the late Lebbeus Hordern, and Dona Olga Clare de Romero, and Ursula Georgina Gibbons, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Sir Walter Gibbons, and Doris Lady Orr-Lewis, of Arlington House, S.W.1, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

"Over the Rainbow"

"Private" Jack Warner, resident comedian of Garrison Theatre, rehearses a duet at the microphone with Joan ("Littel Gel") Winters, the programme-seller. Jack, radio's first wartime star, with his bike, blue pencil and "rill mills," has coined many phrases which are now on everybody's lips, and the whole country has followed his courtship of "Littel Gel" with the closest interest

Garrison Theatre

The B.B.C.'s reply to war, a topical version of the former Saturday night's Music Hall, has been broadcast from Bristol since last autumn. It was one of the first wartime features, and soon achieved tremendous popularity. The present series came to an end with last Saturday's farewell hour, when guest artists included Arthur Askey and Richard Murdoch, of "Band Waggon" fame. But George Black is putting on a stage version of Garrison Theatre at the Palladium, starting on Whit Monday, after a preliminary week at Brighton, with a probable broadcast from the stage on June 8th. So now there will be a chance of seeing Jack Warner's famous bike, of hearing further news of brother Sid, and of seeing in the flesh all those whose voices have become so familiar on the air

Was it in the Script? Anyway, It's a Good Gag

B.B.C. producer Harry S. Pepper and conductor Lieut. Charles Shadwell have a hilarious conference with Suzette Tarri, who "makes millions laugh," and whistling Albert Whelan, another of the programme's star performers. Pepper and Shadwell were responsible for inaugurating these broadcasts of Garrison Theatre. It is the latter's daughter who has made such a success with her "Choc'lates, cigarettes," as the programme girl

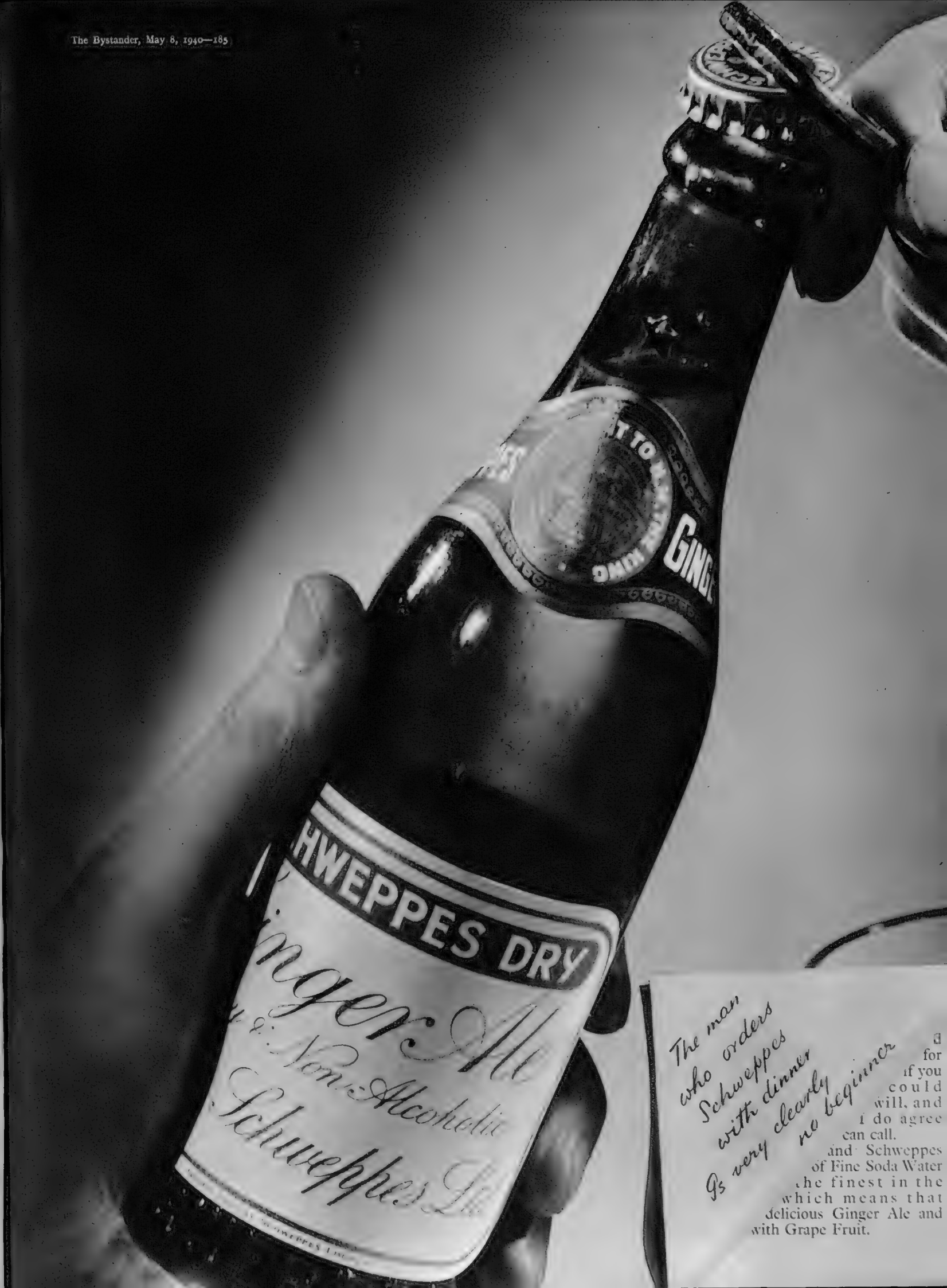
Sergeant-Major Filtness, whose painful duty it has often been to rebuke "Private" Warner, is a genuine sergeant-major, and was photographed (right) listening to Suzette Tarri

The Sergeant-Major on Rehearsal Fatigue

The show goes over: to a crowded studio (right) and millions of listeners, this has been the peak hour of the week for months past. The "theatre" is an old parish hall, the audience troops on leave, the applause as genuine as ours at home. Lieut. Shadwell conducts the opening number, and the fun is about to start

Saturday, 8 p.m.: They're on the Air

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The man who orders Schweppes with dinner is very clearly no beginner

d for if you could will, and I do agree can call. and Schweppes of Fine Soda Water the finest in the which means that delicious Ginger Ale and with Grape Fruit.

Christopher Sandeman

Gordon Nicholl, R.I.

Suzanne du Boulay

These Clever People . . .

No. 8. More Writers and Painters

Christopher Sandeman, *seen writing on "Gardening in Lima" for Lady Beatrix Stanley's quarterly, "The New Flora and Silva," is a distinguished and witty Edwardian. He entertains in a Kensington flat full of museum pieces and choice pictures. After nine months' travel in South America, he published "The Forgotten River," travelogue with botanical asides. He went mainly to collect specimens for Kew; several have been named after him, including "Sandimania lilacuna." Some of his plays have been put on at the Arts Theatre, and his bons mots delight the few remaining drawing-rooms*

Gordon Nicholl, *R.I., here with a water-colour he showed at the United Artists, is a top bracket commercial artist with a studio in New Court. He believes in the dignity and importance of commercial art in spite of its more lurid examples. Trained as an architect in Southampton, and had just gone through Hornsey Art School by 1914. Joined the London Scottish and eventually fought on four fronts, ending up with the R.E. in Egypt, where he made drawings of structural war work, assisted by two camels and four native attendants. Hopes for the same work in this war, preferably in the Near East*

Suzanne Houssemayne du Boulay, *chic and popular ex-debutante with red hair, freckles, and an enthusiasm for racing (she never missed a Newmarket meeting in the three pre-war seasons), is now painting. One of her pictures is at the Stafford Gallery in "The War As I See It" exhibition. She only took to oils two years ago. Studies with Victor Pasmore three days a week. The flower paintings here are her own. Does not know why she wants to be a good artist, has no particularly artistic forbears. Her Huguenot ancestors settled here in the eighteenth century*

Diana Morgan

Robert MacDermott

Diana Morgan, *the young Welsh actress and playwright, whose latest is "A House in the Square," lives in a delightful "tumble-down" house on Haverstock Hill where she writes Gate Revues and plays and radio sketches. Reads the "Radio Times" because her husband, Robert MacDermott, is a B.B.C. programme planner. In private life they are Mr. and Mrs. Barbour, and are having a first baby in the summer*

Robert MacDermott *is as Irish as his wife, Diana Morgan, is Welsh. Both are attractive and industrious members of the theatrical and radio intelligentsia. At night he laughed for the photographer as a change from grinding his teeth against Hitler that day at the B.B.C. when he had to change fourteen weeks' work owing to the inclusion of news in Norwegian. Helps his wife to write her sketches, takes keen interest in her next play about her parents' school in Wales*

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Shall a Mother's Tender Care

(Continued from page 178)

decided. I 'm an adult individual instead of my mother's child. He drew no conclusions from this, content with his happiness.

He met Carola in Berkeley Street and they went into the Buttery together. He had no uneasiness there, no awe of the waiters or uncertainties with the menu. Rather he felt entirely at home, knowing instinctively that this lunch was the first of many, that from now on there would always be some pretty girl, Carola or another, to meet him in smart restaurants and talk gaily with him at a table for two against the wall. A man he knew was there, a man who had left school the year before for the University ; he asked John to come and see him when he went up for his scholarship, and John accepted happily, pleased with the present and the future.

John did not for a moment imagine himself in love with Carola. On the contrary ; he knew all about her secret understanding with Cartwright, the Rugger Blue. He liked her for her gaiety, for her looks, for her clothes, for the sense of well-being she gave him as they sat there together. They talked of the theatre, of the new Russian film at the Academy they were going to see that afternoon, of the ballet for which John was determined to acquire a taste as he had once determined he would make himself like beer. They had plenty to talk about and they were both quite happy.

Mrs. Elton came in while they were drinking their coffee. John, glancing up, saw her standing uncertainly at the door, nervous and hesitating, clumsy and out of place among that crowd of well-dressed, assured people. He saw her eyes searching the room for him, and fury ran through him. For a moment the old habit of fear and conciliatory deference fell on him. Then he deliberately shook it off. He whispered to Carola : " Blast and hell ! My Ma has come prowling for me," and, then he was standing up, smiling gracefully at Mrs. Elton, ordering more coffee, calling the waiter to bring a chair.

Mrs. Elton, sinking heavily on to it, looked at Carola. The girl was all, she decided, that she had feared, with her sleek black dress, her diamond clips, and her hatless, blonde head. Uneasy before their obvious understanding, she said to Carola : " So you 're on the stage, John tells me. That must be very interesting."

" It is," said Carola smoothly, and waited.

Mrs. Elton gushed " I do so admire you girls who work for your living. I 've often thought what a lot I may have missed through never having to have a job, but in my day it wasn't considered at all the thing for young girls to go out and earn."

John said, " I thought you were lunching at Harrods, Mummy."

Mrs. Elton smiled. " Well," she said, " I thought even if my boy had grown big enough to take girls out to lunch, he might still be quite glad for his old mother to come along and foot the bill." She turned to Carola. " John will have to learn the value of money before he goes up to Oxford, won't he ? " she said, with a look that was meant to bring Carola into a mocking feminine understanding. " Not that it matters once in a way, but as John has probably told you, he 's got to work hard to pass his law exams and earn his pleasures. His father and I can give him his bread and butter, but we can't afford to provide the jam."

She thought, that ought to have choked her off. An obvious gold-digger like that won't be interested in a penniless schoolboy. But Carola had turned to John and said how interesting that he was going to read law, and what had made him decide to do it, and had he ever met her uncle, Sir Henry Davies, the K.C., and then they were talking away together and Mrs. Elton's squib had fizzled out.

The bill came. Mrs. Elton opened her purse, took out her note-case, and pushed it furtively under the table to John. He took it and handed it back to her. " It 's all right, thanks," he said, " I can stand the racket," and then to Carola, " My sweet, we 'll have to hurry if we want to see the whole programme."

Mrs. Elton, awkwardly replacing her note-case, asked, " Oh, you weren't thinking of going to the pictures, were you ? "

Carola said quickly, " We were going to see the new Russian film at the Academy."

" Is it quite necessary," asked Mrs. Elton coldly, " always to be going to these exotic foreign pictures when there are plenty of amusing things to see in your own language ? "

There was a pause. In a flash of insight Mrs. Elton realised that they simply hadn't thought her question worth answering. She said with rising anger, " Well, I 'm sorry to have to interfere with your arrangements, but John seems to have forgotten that I made an appointment for him at the dentist this afternoon."

For a moment John hesitated. He weighed the possibilities of a show-down against peaceful acquiescence, and then decided for the latter. Before him stretched his future freedom and with him was the knowledge that his present bondage was, in fact, a mocking concession. He said cheerfully, " I shall have to keep an engagement book. Carola, you will forgive me, won't you ? I 'll give you a ring and we 'll fix something up."

" Do," said Carola, and then, " and you won't forget that I 'll be with the repertory in Oxford when you come up for your scholarship ? "

In the taxi, Mrs. Elton knew she had lost. She would have future victories, but they would be victories only of the flesh. In the spirit John was free, beyond her saving or her understanding.

THE END.

Motoring Commentary

By " Spare Wheel "

Holidays Abroad ?

Are you thinking of summer holidays ? Maybe you feel that it would be wrong and that you would turn a dull pink if you met a man in uniform while doing nothing but trying to enjoy yourself. But we are told that every worker at least should take some holiday, and it is the common-sense view, surely. Some people I know are planning not only holidays, but holidays abroad, and by car, and before you start exclaiming at such a proceeding in wartime, let me remind you that the French are quite eager for English visitors this summer, and that our authorities are raising no particular objection.

As a matter of fact, there has been a small but steady stream of English people going down to the South of France since January, many of them by car. Travel for health or pleasure in other Continental countries is not encouraged, but France is different. The wartime procedure is rather more complicated, but not too alarming. Here it is.

The first necessity is an exit permit from the Passport Office, which must be applied for at least a fortnight beforehand. A visa must also be obtained from the French Consul and, at the same time, details of the car should be entered on the owner's passport at the Consular office. This enables one to get promptly on arrival at the French port the two documents necessary for travelling in France, a safe-conduct pass for oneself, and a " moto-auto-bateau " permit for the car. Two passport-type photographs are necessary for the safe-conduct pass. At the port of embarcation you will have to produce your identity-card and ration-book.

Otherwise the English car-owner still circulates on his " G.B." plate and home driving-licence, and the usual customs papers are obtainable from the R.A.C. or A.A., who can also help about the exit permit. For France, a " laisser-passer," or " acquit-à-caution " suffices. There is no special insurance now to cover the amount of the import duty, and this must be done by depositing cash or by banker's guarantee.

As for the petrol question, that is one of the attractions of France, for the French give you coupons on landing for sufficient to get you to your destination, where, upon application to the local authority, you can draw the monthly ration, which is now eleven gallons, irrespective of the car's size. There are no car ferry-boats now, and it is essential to book a passage for the car well in advance, and to reach the port of embarcation the night before the date of sailing.

In happier times, this is just the season of the year to start planning a motor-holiday abroad, for which the latter end of June is the ideal time—especially in the Alps or Savoy. Well, there still remains the possibility of getting there, and the delights of France will not have vanished, nor the benefits of 175 francs to the pound, although you won't be able to dash around as much.

There is Brittany, with choice of a dozen charming places, not too far apart for most of them to be seen on eleven gallons. Or somewhere between Arcachon and Biarritz, when the summer sun has warmed the Atlantic. Or Provence, most individual of all quarters of France, perhaps ; having lately read *The Painter and the Lady*, by W. J. Blake, I am dying to visit it again. And the Riviera. And possibly best of all, Haute Savoie, that triangle of delight between St. Pierre de Chartreuse in the Lower Alps, Chambéry, and the Lake of Annecy, most beautiful lake in France,

The rest of Europe is out of the question, certainly for the motorist. But one can also holiday abroad in Ireland, and with considerably less formality than in France, even if visiting Eire as well as Ulster. And you should include the Free State, which has by far the best of the scenery—and, I always think, the kindlier welcome for the stranger. The Free State, too, is easy about petrol for the visitor ; indeed, I fancy that, for a real motoring holiday, Eire is probably the only country where the Englishman can enjoy such a thing at the moment.

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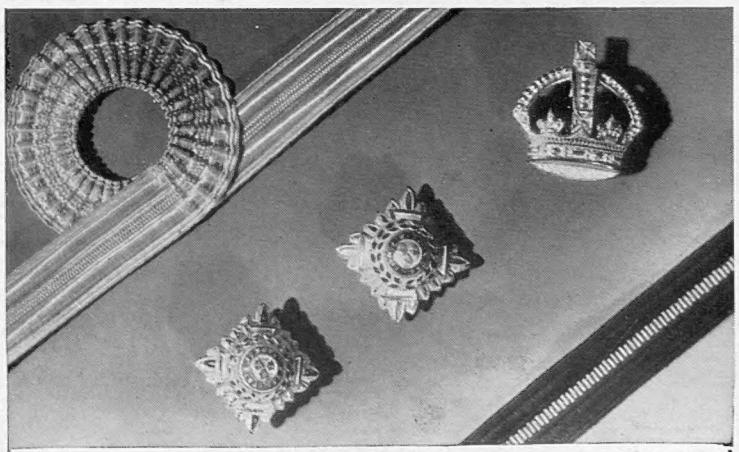

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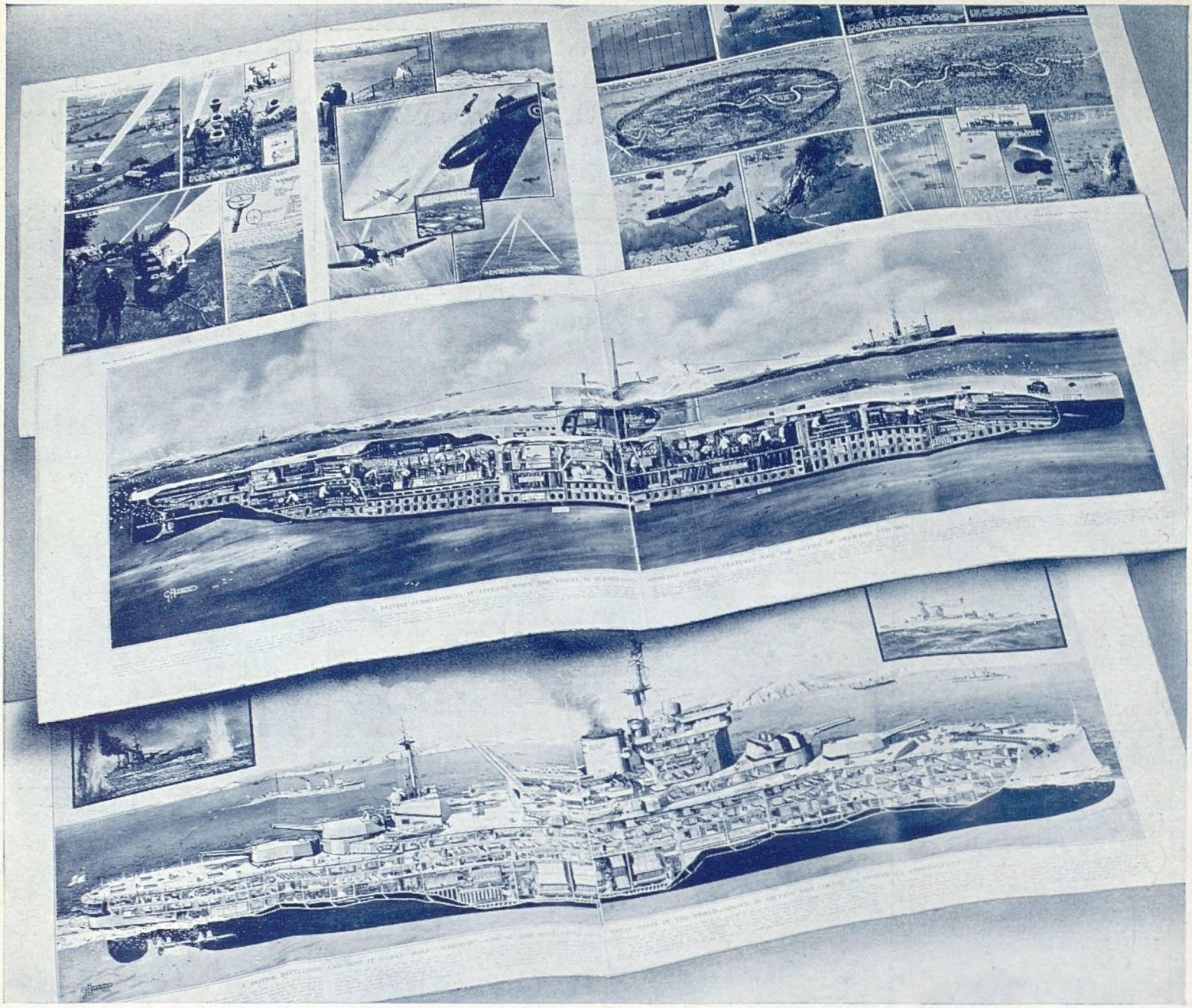

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1940. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.